

KRS ONE



KRS-One Lyrics

"Rappaz R. N. Dainja"

[Verse 1:]

Blastmaster Kris I don't talk ish
Expand your consciousness and dismiss foolishness
No one is new to this or new to Kris
In hip-hop's atomic structure, I am the nucleus
That is the center of the group we/us
they/them/you, every squad every massive every crew
Dental floss is lost when a true rapper jumps off
The cash is incidental but not mental distract you off course
The style that I am kickin is like chicken
It will be bitten, rewritten, then performed for a \$25 admission
Reviewed in The Source
You will listen then find somethin missin of course... it's skills
That's what you're fishin for, it's lost
I'm gettin too explicit, the track jingles
I won't do a wack album then remix it for my single
Kickin rhymes til I wrinkle, and my brown eyes twinkle
God called hip-hop for the nine-cinco

[Verse 2:]

Tasty like a souflee french croissant on Tuesday
Rappers be boo-tay
Goo-fy that's how they crew stay
Bitin whatever you say to boost they ego
We know the steelo, your whole character is foul
Makes me want to shoot a free throw, BLAOWW
From the git go, no, get go, my flow hits low
Wherever all the dope shit go, there's where my shit go
Bee-dee-bee-bo, skank, I think
Self with ya groups everyone else and the bank
Others like to bring the shottie to the party
I bring knowledge of self, you cure the mind, you cure the body
Some rappers like to come to the party, hopin to leave with somebody
check, I come with skills and I leave with your motherfuckin respect
Ahh yeah... so check, UH!

[Verse 3:]

New types of verbal hip-hop I bring
When you know you can sing BOY you know you can sing
I do not clutter up the airwaves, with stacks of useless facts
MC's trying to be macks, but acts like ignorant blacks
Freak that, I'll snap your back as it cracks
you will experience, loss or lack of balance
Stop the violence, fry from week to week like an allowance
All of you are cowards hiding behind the mask of MC
I remember, thinkin back to eighty-three
No video, no you had to be a real live MC
Now you younguns grow up buggin, any new jock you're huggin
weak production, let me tell you somethin
Any MC can battle for glory

But to kick a dope rhyme to wake up your people's another story
Act like you never saw me
Cause when it comes to lyrics, I'm in a different category

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone, Martin Chris E, Best Anthony, Pastorius John, Credle Omar Gerryl

KRS-One Lyrics

"De Automatic"

(feat. Fat Joe)

Some fear de 'matic
Ah hah hah, heh heh heh, EHHH
Check it out

Some fear de 'matic, yes de automatic
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it
De automatic, get de automatic
Tonight a rapper gwan die

Crazy MC's waste they time chasin millions
While KRS-One, holds the minds of the children
I'm buildin a followin of a hundred and forty-four thousand
Chosen few heads up in project housin
A true rapper, street rapper, rappin to the center
I enter any cipher, with tales of adventure
If rappers are ridin beats like cars, I'm bendin mad fenders
Put down your mic and surrender
Youse a pretender, Blastmaster KRS rules the pavement
Kickin Edutainment while you wait for your arraignment
Save it friend before your chest I cave it in
I got my way again, I'm classical like a fuckin Harley Davidson
How do you think I kick a lyrical style no and you figure
It's simple, I'm a rap God, and youse a nigga
Don't mean I'm bigger, it simply means I'm smarter
For starters, I come at you poetically harder

De automatic, get de automatic
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it
De automatic, get de automatic
Tonight a rapper gwan die

Ha hah, fake ass rapper, how you think you got juice?
When you rock a pair of panties underneath your bubblegoose
(Word) KRS-One will fuck up parties dramatically
My reflex'll slap a wack rapper automatically
When you was home witcha mother, afraid of the dark
I was sleepin out in Prospect Park
Eatin one meal every 48 hours
Writin dope rhyme styles that you now devour
Don't you realize, that I'm all about survival
I got only friends cause I KILLED all my rivals
Show up at the rhyme recitals, took they titles
From eighty-six to ninety-six completes my first cycle

De automatic, get de automatic
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it
De automatic, get de automatic
Tonight a rapper gwan die

I spent 40 days, and 40 nights in the wilderness
I'm hard, from head to toe yo there ain't no killin this
I wrote over 100 rap hooks
and sociological books, while you worried about your looks
Now you wanna enter the dragon in sound
But I've got the live club show locked down
Platinum and gold don't hold in my arena
You gots to keep it real on the mic, when they see ya
I manifest, in the West the East and overseas
The vision in rap is wack, and I don't know of these
I represent New York to be specific
The South Bronx, but in Japan I'm still gifted
I grab a jet and land on your set, what the fuck?
Twenty bucks for a rap show is still, twenty bucks
I start from eighty-six, and bring you into ninety-six
No gimmicks, tricks or lip-sync lyrics

De automatic, get de automatic
Disrespect, from MC's, me nah go have it
De automatic, get de automatic
Tonight a rapper gwan die

[Fat Joe]

Yeah yeah it's the God Fat Joe
Representin the motherfuckin South Bronx
With my nigga Kris, knockin off frauds
Motherfuckers wanna do what?
Big shout out to my nigga Kenny Parker
III Will, BDP crew for life nigga
Naughty Gotto, the Big French productions
Of course the TAT crew, my nigga Brim
The T.S. crew, and the whole Godsville
South Bronx represent nigga, uhh

The South Bronx, the South South Bronx
South Bronx, the South South Bronx
Yeah! Uhh!

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"MC's Act Like They Don't Know"

[Intro]

Clap your hands everybody, if you got what it takes
Cos I'm KRS and I'm on the mic, and Premier's on The Breaks

[Verse 1]

If you don't know me by now I doubt you'll ever know me
I never won a Grammy, I won't win a Tony
But I'm not the only MC keepin' it real
When I grab the mic to smash a rapper, girls go "IIIIII!"
Check the time as I rhyme, it's 1995
Whenever I arrive the party gets liver
Flow with the master rhymers, that's to leave behind
The video rapper, you know, the chart climber
Clapper, down goes another rapper
Onto another matter, punch up the data, Blastmaster
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everybody
Call up KRS, I'm guaranteed to rip a party
Flat top, braids, bald heads or natty dread
There once was a story about a man named Jed
But now Jed is dead, all his kids instead
Want to kick rhymes off the top of they head
Word, what go around come around I figure
Now we got white kids callin' themselves niggas
The tables turned as the crosses burned
Remember You Must Learn
About the styles I flip and how wild I get
I go on like a space age rocket ship
You could be a mack, a pimp, hustler or player
But make sure live you is a dope rhyme sayer

[Verse 2]

This is what you waited all year for
The hardcore, that's what KRS is here for
Big up Grand Wizard Theodore, gettin' ill
If you see then ya saw I'm in your grill with mad skill
MC's can only battle with rhymes that got punchlines
Let's battle to see who headlines
Instead of flow for flow let's go show for show
Toe for toe, yo, you better act like you know
Too many MC's take that word 'emcee' lightly
They can't Move a Crowd, not even slightly
It might be the fact that they express wackness
Let me show ya whose ass is the blackest
I flip a script a little bit, you ride the tip and shit
Too sick to get with it, admit you bit, your style is counterfeit
Now tone it down a bit
My title you will never get, I'm too intelligent
I'll send your family my sentiments, my style is toxic
When I rock and shock and hip hop it unlock your head, I knock it
It split quick from the lyric

Direct hit, perfect fit, you can't get with it

[Verse 3]

Some MC's don't like the KRS but they must respect him
Cos they know this kid gets all up in they rectum
Slappin' and selectin' em, checkin' em, disrespectin' em
Just deckin' em, deckin' em, deck-in' em
Who in their right mind can mimic a style like mine?
I design rhyme and get mine all the time
MC's standin' on the sidelines, always dissin'
When I roll up and rush their crew they start bitchin'
I don't burn, I don't freeze, yet some MC's
Believe they could tangle with the likes of these
Cross your t's and dot your i's whenever I arrive
Wide, magnified, live like the ocean tide
You dope, you lied, I reside like artefacts
On the wrong side of the tracks, electrified
Comin' around the mountain, you run and hide
Hopin' your defence mechanism can divert my heat-seeking lyricism
As I spark mad iszm
The 1996 lyrical style's what I give 'em

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone, Martin Chris E

KRS-One Lyrics

"Ah-Yeah"

Ah yeah, that's whatcha say when you see a devil down
Ah yeah, that's whatcha say when you take the devil's crown
Ah yeah, stay alive all things will change around
Ah yeah, what? Ah yeah!

So here I go kickin science in ninety-five
I be illin, parental discretion is advised still
dont call me nigga, this MC goes for his
Call me God, cause that's what the black man is
Roamin through the forest as the hardest lyrical artist
Black women you are not a bitch you're a Goddess
Let it be known, you can lean on KRS-One
Like a wall cause I'm hard, I represent GOD
Wack MC's have only one style: gun buck
But when you say, "Let's buck for revolution"
They shut the fuck up, kid, get with it
Down to start a riot in a minute
You'll hear so many Bowe-Bowe-Bowe, you think I'm Riddick
While other MC's are talkin bout up with hope down with dope
I'll have a devil in my infrared scope, WOY!
That's for calling my father a boy and, KLAK KLAK KLAK!
That's for putting scars on my mother's back, BO!
That's for calling my sister a hoe, and for you
BUCK BUCK BUCK, cause I don't give a motherfuck
Remember the whip, remember the chant, remember about rope and
you black people still thinkin about vot-ing
Every president we ever had lied
You know I'm kinda glad Nixon died!

[Chorus]

This is not the first time I came to the planet
But everytime I come, only a few could understand it
I came as Isis, my words they tried to ban it
I came as Moses, they couldn't follow my commandments
I came as Solomon, to a people that was lost
I came as Jesus, but they nailed me to a cross
I came as Harriet Tubman, I put the truth to Sojourner
Other times, I had to come as Nat Turner
They tried to burn me, lynch me and starve me
So I had to come back as Marcus Garvey, Bob Marley
They tried to harm me, I used to be Malcolm X
Now I'm on the planet as the one called KRS
Kickin the metaphysical, spiritual, tryin to like
get wit you, showin you, you are invincible
The Black Panther is the black answer for real
In my spiritual form, I turn into Bobby Seale
On the wheels of steel, my spirit flies away
and enters into Kwame Ture

[Chorus]

In the streets there is no EQ, no di-do-di-do-di-do
So I grab the air and speak through the code
the devil cannot see through as I unload
into another cerebellum
Then I can tell em, because my vibes go through denim
and leather whatever, however, I'm still rockin
We used to pick cotton, now we pick up cotton when we shoppin
Have you forgotten why we buildin in a cypher
Yo hear me kid, government is building in a pyramid
The son of God is brighter than the son of man
The spirit is, check your dollar bill G, here it is
We got no time for fancy mathematics
Your mental frequency frequently pickin up static
Makin you a naked body, attic and it's democratic
They press auto, and you kill it with an automatic

[Chorus]

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"R.E.A.L.I.T.Y."

Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth

"These are the streets!
Shit is real out here!
This ain't no fuckin joke!"

I lived in a spot called Millbrooke Projects
The original Criminal Minded rap topic
With twenty cents in my pocket I saw the light
If you're young gifted and black, you got no rights
Your only true right, is a right to a fight
and not a fair fight, I wake up wonderin who died last night
Everyone and everything is at war
Makin my poetic expression hardcore
I ain't afraid to say it, and many can't get with it
At times in my life, I was a welfare recipient
I ate the free cheese, while the church said believe
and went to school everyday, like a god damn fool
Well anyway, here I am, chillin at the party
Brothers lookin at me like they wanna kill somebody
A cypher manifested in the center of the jam
I got to show these wack rappers really who I am
It's me against them, so I clear the phlegm
and wage the war, hardcore to the end
For someone lookin inside, yeah from the out
it seems like disrespect is what rap is all about
But hip-hop as a culture, is really what we give it
But sometimes the culture contradicts how we live it
Cause every black kid lives two and three lives
The city's a jungle, only the strong will survive

Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth
Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth

Every single day I hear lie after lie
Like "Black people don't die, we multiply"
So when I kick a rhyme I represent how I feel
The sacred street art of keepin it real
Why I gotta listen, to somebody else?
How they got wealth, let me talk about myself
But all I really got is hip-hop and a glock
The results are obvious, if I'm confined to my block
Occasionally, in the city I'm released
to meet other beasts, lookin for the feast
We grunt and growl, on the prowl, as the air gets thinner
"Yo yo there he go, him," there's the dinner
White meat, carryin a bag of some sort

Life is short, white meat is quickly caught
A scuffle a muffle yet none of us hesitated
Like Mother Africa, white meat is violated
We quickly disappear, like Santa's little elves
And go into a area to fight amongst ourselves
We say, "peace/piece" cause that's what we really want
A piece of the pie that America flaunts

Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth
Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth

"Oh shit!"

The truth is that police must serve and protect
REALITY is black youth is shown no respect
The truth is government has a war against drugs
REALITY is government is ruled by thugs
With all this technology, above and under
Humanity still hunts down one another
Rappers display artistic cannibalism
through lyricism, we fight each other over rhythm
Through basic animal instincts, we think
So the battle for mental territory is glory, end of story

Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth
Reality, ain't always the truth
Rhymes Equal Actual Life, In The Youth
Yeah

"These are the streets!
Shit is real out here!
This ain't no fuckin joke!"

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone

KRS-One Lyrics

"Free Mumia"

(feat. Channel Live)

Knowledge, where the people at?
Free Mumia!
Channel Live! (KRS-One, come and represent)
(The wisdom)
Hah hah hah hah hahaha!
Free Mumia!

Everywhere I look there's another house negro
Talkin about they people and how they should be equal
They talkin but the conversation ain't goin nowhere
You can't diss hip-hop, so don't you even go there
C. Delores Tucker, you wanna quote the scripture
Everytime you hear nigga, listen up sista

[Verse 1: Hakim, KRS, Tuffy]

I met up with this girl named Delores, a prankster
I said I MC, she said, "You're a gangster"
But she was caught up, she hit the floor like a breakdance
Wrapped her up like the arms in a b-boy stance
You have money cause I hear u get stars
She said "where you from?" I said "I was born up in the south Bronx!"
But now I reside all across america
She said "You the one who be causing all that mass hysteria.

Wisdom shall come out of the mouths of babes and sucklings
But you blinded by cultural ignorance and steady judging
But judge not, lest ye may be judged
For the judgment ye judge ye shall surely be judged, you gets no love

She said, "I like it, that's why I jock it"
Then I said, You only on my dick because I fill brotha's pockets
Cut the bullshit take me to you pad. she said, I'm gonna give you the ass cause I like the way your pants sag
Spread the legs with the otha hand she threw her kitty then I sprayed jizm like graffiti on her titty
Freestyled all night no doutd the bitch could'ntget enough cause she was strung the fuck out.

[Chorus: KRS-One]

Warner, Elektra, Atlantic equals WEA
Instead of fighting them why don't you go free Mumia
[x2]

[Verse 2: Tuffy, KRS, Hakim]
Wild recital, I kicks the vital, like the _Final
Call_ as I watch, Babylon fall
I had to Rush Limbaugh, get that pig with an axe
Tuffy dips to the side, buckin cannons that's phat
Because he censors the uses of the metaphor
You can get the dick bum up
Because it's you that brings the, real horrorcore
Expenditures forgettin, gut from the poor

Why sure! Back before we were born they sold us out
Yeah J. Jackson we know what you about
Back when you were running for the presidency and competing
All rap was dope and u love every beat and but you took the beating
You was using us then like you're using us now in the urban nation league
I don't know how you figure the stop the violence movement gave you \$600, 000 NIGGA
And now u quicker to diss and get with miss Tucker you better find another you sell out
Mutha fucka's

Hate to be so rough, it could be the White Owls
House niggaz are full of shit, like my Colin Powell
Kickin vowels, is how we relieve the tension
Until we start to bounce white people like suspension (revolution)
You paint the pictures, the black man on the corner
But tell me, who blew up Oklahoma?
The City, ain't no pity, for the beast
It's Hakim that voice from the East

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: KRS, Hakim, Tuffy]
Buck buck! Buck buck buck!
It sound like gunshots but it could be the cluck
Of a chicken, definition, is what you're missin and
Listen to your children instead of dissin em
Senator Dole doesn't understand the young people
Like they be sayin want to, but we be sayin wanna
They gettin dumber every summer as they walk the rope
Maybe because they cannot understand the quotes

Word, in actuality, this Norman Bates mentality
Always seems to represent, minus three-sixty percent
For degrees full circle, dead from the purple
Rays of the sun I gots melanin so check it
Bag your nuts quick or get sick from being naked
Suspect it, was it a means for the end
For just a few to drive the Benz while you eat the pigskins
Turned you into mannequins, cause the trick of technology
A revelation, revalations
Sensation gives me inspiration of revolution
That's my solution, there will be no sequels
I'm audi hundred forty four thousand with my people

From Caligula to Hitler, now it's Schwarzeneggar
A lust for the violence is the science of their behavior
Who enslaved ya (it's the Devil) but the God of virtuosity
And of the world created, could it be mental sodomy
Got my mind twisted like the blades of fonta leaf
I sit in disbelief as he crawls underneath
The rock cock back the glock, cause I don't trust
The Devil I rebel until Babylon is dust

[Chorus]

Writer(s): Vincent Morgan, Lawrence Krsone Parker, Hokiem Green

KRS-One Lyrics

"Hold"

Yeah....yeah.....
Mmmmm....Mm!
Alright, here we go...

I'm thinkin' real hard about some money I can hold
But everybody I know is deep in the hole
A steady payin' job is too hard for me to hold
I call around for work but they puttin' me on hold
But in my hand a shiny .45 is what I hold
I make a mayonnaise sandwich out of some whole-
Wheat, I'm feelin' weak, I can't hold
I gotta rob somebody tonight and take the whole
Bank roll, some cash I gotta hold
At the bottom of my shoe is a little bitty hole
That's it, my mental sanity I can't hold
I'm walkin' to the store with this pistol that I hold...

Yeah....yeah.....

Half of me is sayin' maintain and uphold
Suddenly I bump into some asshole
He's cursin' me out, but this pistol that I hold
Took control, and in his head I put a hole
Ahhh man, now I'm lookin' around the whole
Area, the gun is still hot that I hold
I'm buggin' out, and I don't know how much longer I can hold
I feel myself sinkin' deeper in the hole
So in my victim's pants I rip a little hole
And felt for the wallet, and took the whole
Bill-fold, forty bucks is what I hold
Suddenly I hear, "Freeze! Police! Hold!"

Yeah....mmmmmm.....
Come on!
Yeah....wooh!
Come on...

In the penitentiary I see a whole
Bunch of blacks and Hispanics that they hold
In my cell I cry like hell, my head I hold
One day somebody ax if my shoes they could hold
I told this guy, "Listen! My shoe's got a hole
But what's up with that shiny sharp knife that you hold?"
He lunged forth, the first thing that I thought of was to hold
The arm with the knife so that he couldn't put a hole
In me, but then I put him in a chokehold
Took the knife and in his neck I put a hole
Suddenly all the C.O's come to me and it's me they hold
Beat my ass and I spend two weeks in the hole
I'm ready to bug out, my sanity I can't hold

My needs and wants messed up my life on a whole.

Damn. Just wasn't satisfied with life.

Yeah....uh!

Yeah....

Check!

The moral to the story is...your addiction to your needs and your wants is what causes problems in your life.

Make sure you got whatcha need. Put at a safe distance all the things that you want.

It's wants that get you into trouble.

This is the balance of life...the balance to life on a whole.

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Wannabemceez"

"One two, testing one two
Alright party people in the place to be
The party has already started
An-an-an-and it's about to il-il-il-ill" [echoes]

Let me introduce you to another type of rapper MC
where glamour and glitter don't matter gently
I'm tired of the Chattanooga empty
Classical like a German luger
Deep like a tune for scuba diving who am I the hyper
Like I said before my radar's going BIBBIT BIBBIT
The microphone I grip-it grip-it, lyric lyric I live it
Hear it my spirit is where it should be
Don't push me if you pussy, HUH
I spot em, it seems you want to ride the dillz
I got em, KRS got skills in the place
I waste megahertz of bass bottom, chill
As I rock em and get ill, I build the perfect spot to kill
Verbal excitement will lead to your indictment
Whether or not you like it, still, number one I hype it
Your album, rewrite it

How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC
How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC

Triplet syllables for minimal criminals
Lyrical riddles that got hard flavors in the middle
Sit back and chittle as I stand and still rebuild on skills
The admission of serial lyrics, calculated to weaken the spirit
will be diverted by this lyric when you hear it
Ricochet any style any day
Any which way and you'll Cherish the Day like Sade
The advanced oratorical techniques I speak
Keep the heat at full peak! My grammar
with stamina, grabs a rapper like the fresh catch of the day
and crack the back of that DJ
I'm strappin and attackin a pack
And whatever happens after that just happens, FACT
Flamboyant and flashy is one point in time when you're not ashy
Focus on the syllable formats and the cash G
G for guard your grill, I'm hard to kill
Odd but ill, a job to fill is to refill on skills
We built and killed style and skill
while poetically recriminate you like a child I will
get ill, and switch to earn
Cause I prefer to slur but not blur
Blurring you're stirring up trouble surely you don't need it
be seated I'm undefeated dem not see it

Observe me then beat it

How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC
How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC

Let's get back to the point quickly, get with me
The voice from New York City is too witty
I come from a era of ?OJ cars?, Latin Quarter
fake Gucci and fake Fendi, you can't send me
Nowhere, that I ain't been to
You can't tell me nuttin that I ain't been through
Disrespect the teacher I gots to get you
(cause they can't MC)
But what you really sayin
You sound like a bitch-ass rapper when he's saying
"Yo Kris you hit too hard" stop playing!
Switching and swaying
Day in and day out, your styles are played out, see you way out
Before you're laid out, your bright lights start to fade out
The last thing you heard is "Who let the K out?"
No great area[?]
Everything is black and white we took the gray out it's scarier
Either you're winnin or losin, spinnin the rules of conscience
But lyrically there ain't no stoppin
I'm droppin a lot in your noggin
Cause I know that you're lyrically starvin
Carbon, your name, battle battle
Everybody wants to battle but you BAB-BLE
Who knows ya, battlin me, is the only way that you can gain exposure
I feel for ya soldier
I hate to say it but I told ya so
You know that I know the ancient flow KRS-One
is the holder of a boulder yo, money folder yo
You want a fresh style let me show you slow
your blow, I'm not your foe
Battling me? No no no no no NO!

How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC
How many MC's, wannabemceez
Never be MC's, cause they can't MC

[Mad Lion]

If a DJ think he man den he better prepare for war!!
BDP crew get up in that ass like a piece of toilet tissue
General Lion I chase them all and I am on fiyah
Represent the hardest crew, you know how we do
Anything tess, dead! Gun shot to dem head
Gwan *[echoes]*

KRS-One Lyrics

"Represent The Real Hip Hop"

(feat. Das EFX)

Only a few... will understand
and appreciate what's about to happen
Das EFX, come in!!!

[Verse 1: Das EFX]

[Drayz]

Well it's the super duper rhymers I'm about to set it
Niggaz best forget it let it be or you'll regret it D
So what it B... the D to the fuckin P
(Yo it's me the lyricist they fear in this as you can see)
I be's the ultimate, drop the ultra shit, fuck the other shit
Biggety buttah shit is how we comin kid we runnin shit
Now who you fuckin with is Diggy Das EFX'n
We flexin, cause kid we got this rhyme and took effect y'all

[Books]

Aiyyo I figgety flow I rocket blow a nigga out the socket
Keep in mind to keep the dread, now they like my pocket, watch it
It's the rhyme fiend about a second from the crime scene
The boogie banger twisted off the lime green
Fuck a dime we, strictly fifty, the BDP and Hit Squad committee
King of my city, ask my cousin Smitty, yo
Got to get the dough, got to blow the spot
Diggity Das KRS East coast on lock

[Verse 2: Das-EFX, KRS]

[Drayz]

To corny niggaz y'all get ate, my shit'll make you faint
So much platinum on my walls that I can hardly see the fuckin paint
You think it ain't before a year and stopped recordin
Now look we comin back and runnin shit like fuckin Michael Jordan
Accordin, to my niggaz in the sewer
Yo you a, corny nigga so we gots ta do ya

[Books]

This for my niggaz on the block, handlin rock like Kenny Anderson
I'm brandishin, stiggedy styles to keep MC's vanishing
Scattering, fuck it, styles don't be mattering
My pattern's amazing son Blazing like a Saddle and
Battling's a no-no, got more Fame than Coco
I'm paid and still drips ya with a blade from my logo
So take your, style and Go-Go like D.C. niggaz
Y'all know the haps we movin strapped on the East nigga

[Drayz]

Yo, yo, well muggedy mayday, mayday, it's Crazy Drayz's payday
I riggedy wreck it eryday, kick shit like fuckin Pele

But wait a, minute, cause we get in it for the masses
For classes, yo KRS come get up in they asses

[KRS]

What... I say, follow me follow me
with my syllable syllable lyrical criminal
MC threats are minimal to my phsyical they just
whittle and whittle away, with little and little to say
As they piddle and paddle away, they say OK
But I chop that ass up anyway
What's your handle I got mad MC heads upon a mantle
I got genuine MC skin sandals
I light the mic up like a candle, watch it melt
Cause when I felt lyrics you both are screamin for help
when you hear it, you can't bear it, you can't even wear it
You oughts to just cheer it, go get it spirit!!
As I fa-la-la-la-la, I'm comin with that rara
Rockin mics when you was googoo gaga to your momma
You wanted to battle KRS when you was young you told your poppa
He slapped you in your head and said UHH-UHH
But you didn't heed the warning
Now I'm in the place, now I'm your face
Lookin at your crew but they all broke out
because they nothin but lace
KRS is like mace, in your motherfuckin face
Yo DJ Dice, tear down the place!!

Writer(s): Andre "krazy Drazyz" Weston, L. Parker, Willie "skoob" Hines

KRS-One Lyrics

"The Truth"

It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Her truth is not hard
It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Gimme the truth!

Listen to the lyric as the negative is shrinkin
It's shrinkin out your life when you decide to change your thinkin
One of the first things we gotta switch around of course
Is Jesus Christ, and him dying on the cross
You're looking at the cross, surrounded in it's mystery
With Jesus on the cross in a, total misery
Now seperate Jesus from the cross so you can see
The truth about the cross, and the cross's history
The cross was created by the Roman government
It's only purpose and use, is cap-i-tal punishment
But Jesus Christ, was all about the revolution
While the cross was used as Jesus Christ's execution
See what if Jesus Christ, was hung upon a tree
Upon every church wall, that's exactly what you'd see
If Jesus Christ, was shot in the head with no respect
We'd all have little gold guns around our neck
If Jesus Christ was killed in electric chair, now get it
You'd be knealing to the electric chair with Jesus, still in it
You gaze upon the cross, and you see the execution
You yell stop the violence but the cross you're still using

It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Her truth is not hard
It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Gimme the truth!

So I say listen, listen, open up your third eye vision
God is not down with religion
Religion they be sellin it, listen up, God is intelligent
Reading of the bible is irrelevant
You gotta look within yourself, not a scripture
KRS-One comes to rearrange the God picture
If you sit and believe, you can acheive
If you sit and accept, you don't know, what's correct
or incorrect, take for instance Adam and Eve
The first two people on the planet, or so you believe
Their first time in heaven kids they had, Cain and Abel

Huh, now let me show you why the story's unstable
According to the story, according to what you believe
There was only Cain, Abel, Adam, and Eve
on the whole planet, now use your intellect
and tell me, what did Cain and Abel do for sex?
Upon the whole planet there was not another
Could it be for sex, heh, they were looking at each other?
Hold up! I thought the church wasn't into that
But wait, still yet, there is another fact
How did the world get populated?
Now tell me if I'm wrong, but obviously Eve had it goin on
Think for a minute, I know it gets notorious
But yo G, check out the chorus

It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Her truth is not hard
It's not natural
If it goes against God
It's not factual
Gimme the truth!

[Rich Nice]
Yo yo...
Yo bring that back
I wanna say something on this BlastMaster session
Yo this is Rich Nice
You brothers gotta stop treating these hoes like nice girls
and these nice girls like hoes

[KRS-One]
True indeed, I'd like to welcome the rebirth of the Goddess
Word up it's all about knowledge of self
Yo Busta Rhymes, why don't you take the session over from here

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker

KRS-One Lyrics

"Build Ya Skillz"

[Verse 1: KRS-One]

Check, I control your mind with one rhyme I speak
And get you open like a prostitutes buttcheeks
Rapper get kicked in they mouth with cleets
cause they're speech refuses to reach beyond the beach
Have a seat quick I speak or spit flicks on your [?]
Time to complete shit, no weak shit, I mean freak shit properly
I can feel myself becoming a lyric monopoly
Others will copy me but repeat my shit sloppily
Shocking me with inclinations of rocking me
Insanity it got to be
My true identity is never meant to see
I simply use the gifts sent to me mentally

[Busta Rhymes]

Yo! Word up! Get from out my face, before you get bust quickly!

[Verse 2: KRS-One]

Thats the hip hop, the hibby
I rip it in a minute cause I'm gifted
Like December 25th
Now let me flip
I'm all knowing lyrically syllable growing
Even when it's snowing I'm party going
Free flowing and stomping!
Never tip-toeing
Overthrowing the comp
Big up Bronx!
I got more styles than the planet got women
I got as many rhymes as is many styles of women
Don't make me come out on that ass start flippin'
Your mental I'm afflictin'
Actin' ill and sickin'
Pickin' the victim at random, slammin' 'em
Draggin' them to the stage and dismantlin' them
As my Hydrogen turns to Helium I shine!
None of your lyrics I'm feelin' 'em
You rhyme
Like you should be wearin' an apron scrapin' a pot with a name like Mariam

[Chorus:]

But rappers talk too much shit
And can't back it up with lyrics
Build ya skills

It's time for the raw shit
Not that on tour shit
That real hardcore shit
KRS-One runs shit like diarrhea
Bitin' motherfuckers hear my shit and get up outta here!

I don't care this year
A lot of albums is wak this year
"Will KRS bring it?" Ahh yeah!

Thanks for the invite
It's just about to get hype
That straight up raw street type shit is what it feel like

I will be displayin' lyrical styles I'm saying
Lyrical styles from the miracle child
Want a pile of ill styles wildin' on your radio dial?

Smile
I been here for awhile
Peep my style while I go on with the song

I rock the microphone then it to the streets with the Krylon
clicka clacka! clicka clacka!

Take a spraycan and slap a wak rapper!
Stacks of money for videos I don't have it
You're lookin' at the last MC with true talent

Get your tape recorder fast kid
Boombastic another classic
Turn up the cassette!

All my styles are lyrically fantastic and movin'
While soothin' any urges for boozing
Ungluing your mouth from my private

The more the merrier
Syllable superior
East Coast - West Coast battles are inferior

Cause I by myself will take out the whole North America
We need to expand rap beyond this land
Set up competitions with England and Japan
World cups for rappers that really fuck shit for fun
....Yeah I know I'll get one

[Chorus]

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker, Anthony Grayson, Joseph L Kirkland

KRS-One Lyrics

"Out For Fame"

[train whistle]

Yo right here, right here

It's right through the fence, right through the fence

Jump! *[feet landing]*

Yeah.. right there, right there

That's the 2's and the 5's

[bag rustling]

Joe gimme that, the fat, the fat cap, fat cap

Yeah..

[train rolls in]

Aight

[shaking can up]

Aight, let's do it now, let's do it now

[spray paint]

Yeah.. yeah..

Nah gi-gimme the other cap, gimme the other one

Yeah right there

[more spray]

Front.. Page.. Entertainment.. Group

Yeah..

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x8]*

[first time, minus "I'm"]

Hah! Hahahaha

All graffiti artists hold tight, hooo!

All graffiti artists hold tight, word

Check check check it out y'all

Check check check check check it out y'all

[KRS-One]

I got twenty-five cans in my knapsack, crossin out the wick-wack

Puttin up my name with a fat cap

Suckers that want to be in my face I just slap that

Big respect to Artifacts, Fat Joey Crack and

Mack and, Bio, and Brim come again

with B.G. 183, recognize me

with the mad colors, I'm a fiend for spraypaint

Laugh if you wanna, I really care if you ain't

cause you don't me see, and I don't know you

But I do know Cope2, he be gettin walls too

It's the underground community of what we call writers

Worldwide burners, gettin hotter gettin brighter

Whattup Nicer, whattup Razor, whattup Chino

Masta Ase in the place, you know we know

my man Rican, my man Zorro, taught me how to draw

in the yards of the 5 train and the 4

So when I'm on tour I represent the hardcore

I'm taggin up your blackbook sure, I'm out for the fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" *[x4]*

[first time, minus "I'm"]

Yeah, check it out check it out check it out one time
Hip-hop music in effect one time

[KRS-One]

When I was growin up, I had no butcher baker candlestick maker
I had rubbing alcohol and carbon paper
Yeah, carbon paper and a blackboard eraser
got me chased in the bus yards, with Rican and Nazer
Historically speakin, cause people be dissin
The first graffiti artists in the world were the Egyptians
Writing on the walls, mixing characters with letters
to tell the graphic story about their life, however
today we do the same thing, with how we rap and draw
We call it hardcore, they call it breakin the law
There used to be a time when rap music was illegal
The cops would come and break up every party when they see you
But now the rap music's making money for the corporate
It's acceptable to flaunt it, now everybody's on it
Graffiti isn't corporate so it gets no respect
Hasn't made a billion dollars for some corporation yet, so
in the name of Phase2, Stay High, Pre-streets
Grab your cans and hit the streets, I'm out for fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" [x6]

Yeah, hip-hop culture in the house one time

All graffiti artists in the house one time

Yeah..

Biggin up the other side things here y'all

The visual, not your video (check it out)

[KRS-One]

I'm livin in the city, inner city not a farm
Steady bombin til I get fatigued in my arm
Watchin for the beast cause many artists they shot em
And beat em in the yards, while doin a top to bottom
So pass me a can, not of Old Gold
but full blue, sky blue, watch me unfold
with the cold burner, of names you mighta heard of
like Fab 5 Freddy, Sam Sever
Word to the wise, Futura 2000 recognize
Nation of creation, G Man come alive
Checkin out Revolt and Zephyr
My man Easy, and Rembrandt, Mitch 77
Oh no with the paint we can never dilly-dally
Big up and respect to Con Art in Cali
The Soul Artists, The Rebels, The Rascals, 3YB
United Artists, TAT and Dondi
Yes the other side of hip-hop is representin the visual
Toys we be DISSIN you, I'm out for fame

"I'm writin my name, in graffiti on the wall" [x10]

Hip-hop in the house one time

Video graf in the house one time

All graffiti artists in the house dig the rhyme

Put up your nine, put up your nine, yeah!

Fresh.. for nineteen-ninety-five
You SUCKERS!!!!

Writer(s): Parker Lawrence Krsone

KRS-One Lyrics

"Health, Wealth, Self"

Yeah.. yeah.. yup!

You know what? I was just downstairs
and I was on my way up here to the studio and
a guy bumped into me and
and he said.. he said, "Yo Kris!"

How is it that you stay in this music?

You know, this rap music ex-specially for SO.. LONG.. SO.. LONG"
I said, "Well you know years ago I made a deal with the Goddess"

He said, "The Goddess?"

I said, "Well yeah, you might know her as God
but I know her as the Goddess"

The universal mother

The mother of everything you see in existance

I ax-ked her for assistance

in lyrical persistance

and she gave it to me, under one condition

She said, "I'll give you the gift

but use the gift to uplift"

I said, "Okay mom!"

So I tell you the truth, really

Me nah gon' need nuttin else

but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself

Me nah gon' need nuttin else

but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself

In the beginning was the word, the word was made flesh

Knowledge K. Reigns R. Supreme S.

Some of us guess while others of us are blessed

Take heed to the word, that I manifest

I manifest the future, the present, followed by the past

Everything in nature, rules by kickin ass

What they tellin me, but yo, you a friend to me

so I'ma tell you the secrets of MC longevity

Secret one: if it ain't fun, you're done

And about your career, huh, well choose another one

If you don't like what you do, you're through

Lesson two: make sure you got a dope crew

Not some crew, that's like an anchor on a shoe

A MAD CREW, that's of some benefit to you

Lesson three, might be contradictory or funny

but MC's should have OTHER WAYS of gettin money

That's to say learn other things beside music

Make money elsewhere, Hip-Hop you won't abuse it

Too many MC's, just emcee

so their longevity, is based on an Uncle Tom

at the record company

Lesson four: sell your image, never sell a record

Image is respected, records come and go

and get collected

Even the records of platinum artists, that used to rip shop
can be bought, for a quarter at the thrift shop
Which brings me to lesson number five, the illusion
has me thinkin, the minute they drop a record
they'll be cruisin, in the Acura
Slow down! You're still a amateur
What separates the pro from the amateur is stamina
Not how long you can rhyme, but how long you've been rhymin
changin with the times, and findin yourself
still CLIIIIIIIIIIIMbin for wealth
Blow for blow, you're still growin, still showin
(all knowin) now that's a pro at it

Me nah gon' need nuttin else
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself
Me nah gon' need nuttin else
but health, wealth, and knowledge of myself

Thank you Mother, I'm out

Writer(s): Lawrence Krsone Parker